

CHARIVARIA.

SAYS Mr. BARRY PAIN, in *Mrs. Murphy*: "There's illnesses as is illnesses, and there's illnesses as ain't. And it's only them with time and money to spare as can afford the illnesses as ain't." It seems almost incredible, but Mr. BARRY PAIN has evidently not heard of the Insurance Act.

"Dr. J. Sinclair," it is announced, "has been appointed chief medical officer to the Post Office." The work involved must be peculiarly arduous, for, since it took over the telephones, the Post Office suffers from more complaints than any other public department.

With reference to the gentleman who recently hoaxed the London Hospital in the matter of a big donation to its funds, we understand that the medical staff trust that, if he should ever have to undergo an operation, he will place himself in their hands.

Negotiations are reported to be in progress for the purchase by the British Government of an Unger airship. Meanwhile, is anything being done to provide us with guns capable of hitting aircraft? We need not only Ungers, but also Unger-Strikers.

A swarm of bees occupied a post-office letter-box at Salcombe, Devon, one day last week. A Suffragette is suspected of having brought them there in her bonnet.

Croydon, which is seeking to extend its boundaries, is in some fear lest the borough shall be annexed by London. This would be strenuously resisted by Croydon, and, as it is thought that London would probably object to being annexed by Croydon, it is possible that a delicate situation may arise before long.

An elephant, we read, figured among the presents at an Eastbourne wedding. We suspect it was a white one.

The Vicar of Sittingbourne, Kent, we learn from *The Express*, has started a "Bargemen's Brotherhood," which already numbers fifty-seven members, who pledge themselves "always to attend a place of worship once on the Sunday when on shore, and to endeavour not to swear." The word in italics (ours) would seem to point to a compromise

having been arrived at in the negotiations between the reverend gentleman and the barges.

It is announced that, in spite of the considerable expense involved, the cross on the dome of St. Paul's is to be regilded. To the credit of the authorities an offer by an American commercial man to bear the cost in return for advertising rights is said to have been refused.

A costermonger's donkey was killed by a motor omnibus in the Strand last week. It must have been an unequal combat from the beginning.



Kind-hearted Gentleman (who has brought a pavement artist to see the Academy). "THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF BEAUTIFUL PICTURES HERE, PAINTED BY HUNDREDS OF ARTISTS."

Pavement Artist. "Ho, YES; BUT ARE THEY ALL THEIR OWN WORK?"

We are not allowed to comment on a case which, at the time of going to press, is still *sub judice*, but we hope we shall not get into trouble for drawing attention to the following headlines which appeared in *The Daily Mail* last week:—

"LADY SACKVILLE
ON THE SCOTTS.

MR. WALTER SCOTT
ON HIS KNEES."

If *The Sydney Herald* publishes many paragraphs like the following we are sorry we do not see it more often:—"Mr. Herbert Moss has returned to Sydney. His engagement (under romantic circumstances) has just been announced to Miss Howgate, of 'Glen

Iris,' Heidelberg Road, Clifton Hill." This must have been much more satisfactory than keeping back the news from Miss Howgate until the wedding day.

The fact that a huge signboard, advertising "Come Over Here" at the London Opera House, fell and was wrecked the other day, reminds us that, when France's champion prize-fighter appeared in the Revue, a strip of paper announcing "Engagement of Georges Carpentier" was pasted across the poster depicting Mlle. POLAIRE. So far, no damages have been claimed for breach.

In an age when under-dressing is all too common, it is gratifying to read that the monks at the monastery of St. Michael at Maikop, in the Caucasus, have gone on strike in consequence of an order issued by their Father Superior prohibiting them from wearing trousers.

Last year's floods in Norfolk have resulted in deposits of mud in the Broads. Norfolk people, however, are not easily discouraged, and we may expect shortly to see some such advertisement as this:—

"WHY GO TO THE CONTINENT
WHEN YOU CAN GET
EXCELLENT MUD BATHS
IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY?"

Reading that the Lowestoft drifter, *Lord Wenlock*, realised £337 for one night's work, her catch being 150 crabs, a well-to-do Gotham man asked his fishmonger to obtain a crab for him, as he had never tasted one.

Sir ROBERT ROGERS has taken exception to the toast-master's having announced Sir SAMUEL EVANS as "The President of the Divorce Court" at the Guildhall Luncheon to the French President. "Sammy" would certainly have sounded more genial.

We are authorised to deny as a silly canard the report that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will shortly appear in a Revue at the National Liberal Club, entitled "Halo Ragtime."

"The Brass Band are entering for the Band Competition at the coming Feis in Mullingar. They are, however, severely handicapped for want of instruments."

Westmeath Independent.

No Brass Band of spirit would let a little thing like that worry it.

BETTER THAN A PLAY.

[Lines addressed to a waiter at a restaurant where they offer facilities for theatre-dinners.]

NAY, rush me not, Antonio; let me savour
This coffee *à la Turque* at my slow ease,
And lap this blend of Benedictine flavour
Distilled by holy friars on their knees;
Bring me a brand of Cuba, green and balmy,
With gilded cummerbund and long and fat;
I have no play to see to-night, *mon ami*,
I thank my gods for that.

This hour to inward peace is dedicated;
To-night I will escape that captious mood
Which comes of healthy appetite unsated
Or else the bitter pangs of bolted food.
Lingering meals, with choice cigars for sequel,
Suit my digestive system better far;
I have seen many plays, but few to equal
A really good cigar.

And then compare the charges! For a scanty
Stall I must put my demi-guinea down,
Whereas this full and generous "Elegante"
Costs me the paltry sum of half-a-crown;
And, as I smoke it, I may hold a quiet
Duologue with myself, of fancy wrought,
Where no intruding mummings, making riot,
Distract my train of thought.

It is, I own, an honourable calling,
That of the histrion; I respect his art;
The grind, I always think, must be appalling
Of getting such a lot of words by heart;
I would not seem, for worlds, to cast suspicion
Upon his shining claims; I but protest
He cannot stand the strain of competition
With one of Cuba's best.

But when the ferment of my peptic juices
Begins, my good Antonio, to abate,
Letting my brain, now blind to Thespian uses,
Enter upon a more receptive state,
Lest you should deem that I have touched too lightly
On sacred matters, I will move along
To where they give two exhibitions nightly,
And hear a comic song. O. S.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

CIVILIZATION.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who was tired of hurry and fret and competition and politics and fashion and modernity. Above all he was tired of newspapers.

"I will," he said, "betake me to the wilderness for a while and get back a little peace and simplicity."

But the first thing that he saw on reaching the wilderness was the office of *The Wilderness Gazette*.

From a circular:—

"Briefly, Pellidol is diacetylamidoazotoluol."

If the writer is really aiming at brevity, he must try again.

"Only one of the officers is now living who took part in the 'Charge of the Light Brigade' at Balaklava; but there are probably still 1,500 of the privates on earth who took part in that great historical event."—*Greenwood (B.C.) Ledge*.

All that was left of them—left of six hundred.

THE CREATIVE GIFT.

"A character will every now and then seem to take the bit between his teeth and say and do things for which his creator feels himself hardly responsible."—*WILLIAM ARCHER*.

THE budding dramatist looked again at the passage in the Playwright's Manual. Yes, there it was in cold print.

"Once your characters are clearly in your mind," he read, "you can let them work out their own salvation. They, not you, will construct the play. The late Clyde Fitch used to insist that his characters often surprised him by their actions."

The budding dramatist breathed hard. This was a new gospel to him; he had been on the wrong track from the start. Clearly the proper course was to individualize the characters mentally, to decide on the opening scene, and then to sit back in a receptive mood and record the actions of the children of his party. At last he could begin on *To-Morrow*, his great dramatization of Laziness; for already the character of *Lucius Doolittle* was clearly in his head. How, then, should the play open? Once this was decided, he could liberate *Lucius* and let him go his own way.

At exactly eight o'clock the next morning a splendid idea for the beginning of Act I. presented itself. Scene: *Morning in Lucius Doolittle's bachelor apartments. An alarm clock heard ringing without. Lucius in his pyjamas emerges from his bedroom door, and lighting a cigarette (character touch) strolls listlessly toward the bath. A great beginning: true to every-day life and yet unusual. Not a soul in the audience but would be startled into attention by the insistent tinkle of the alarm. What psychology! And later, perhaps, the audience could actually hear Lucius's bath running. Uncompromising realism!*

Such was the budding dramatist's fever of excitement that he could hardly wait to scramble into his clothes and to pounce upon his bacon and eggs before beginning the work of a lifetime. At last all was ready—his pen chosen, his paper ranged before him. Trembling with excitement he proceeded to focus his inner eye upon *Lucius Doolittle*, who was to choose his own path through the piece unhindered. Cautiously he wrote as follows: "*Time—early morning. Doolittle's apartments are in disorder. Glasses and a half-emptied bottle stand on the centre-table; beside them lies a pack of cards. There is nobody in the room; Doolittle is obviously not yet up.*"

The dramatist paused, and with a little gasp of excitement set down these words:—

"An alarm clock is heard ringing without."

He waited, eyes shut.

"Now, *Lucius*, go it," he murmured.

Somehow in his inner consciousness he could feel *Doolittle* stirring, waking. What was the character saying? Wait—here it was! Slowly the dramatist's hand traced the words as if from dictation:—

Voice of Doolittle (within). "Bl—the clock; I'm going to sleep again." [Long pause.]

CURTAIN.

The dramatist looked at the finished work doubtfully, critically.

"It's a short Act," he muttered, "but I like the method. It certainly shows up the man *Doolittle*."

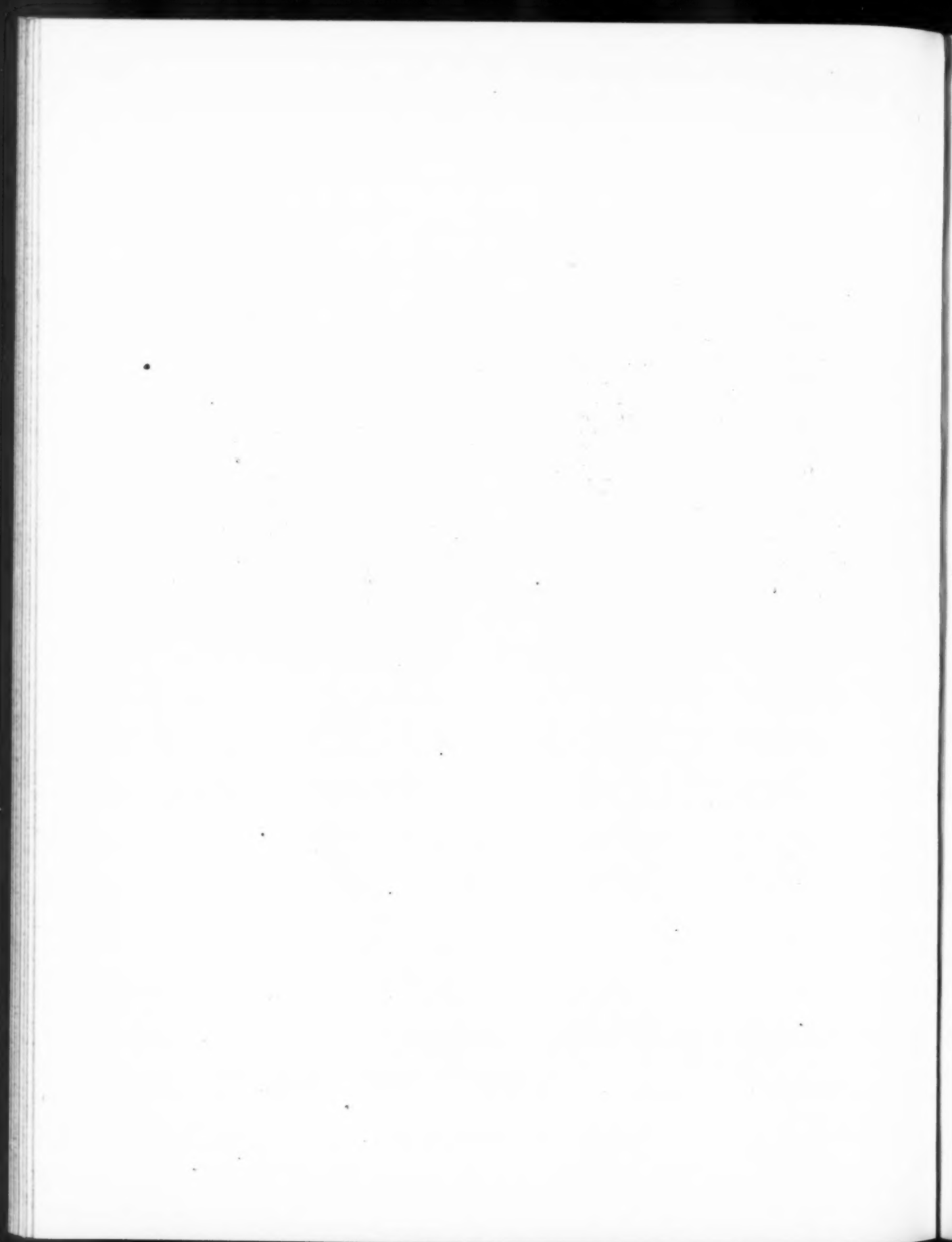
"Stuff the shoes with paper, then dip a rag in turpentine and rub the suede. Continue rubbing, turning the rag when soiled, till the shoes look quite clean. Then hang in a current of air to remove the smell of the turpentine."—*North Star*.

If on descending from this breezy position you find that the odour still remains, have a hot bath and change all your clothes.



THEIR ANNUAL TREAT.

IRISH AND WELSH BILLS (to Chucker-out). "WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"





Club Hall-poster. "GOOD NIGHT, SIR; AND NO STEP AT THE DOOR."

ANOTHER INJUSTICE.

BEING in the thick of a temporary embarrassment, and having, as it seemed, run upon the rocks at the precise moment that all my friends and relations had performed a similar feat, there was nothing for it but to seek professional aid.

On asking the advice of one to whom all such mysteries are an open book, I was directed to an upper room in Jermyn Street.

The second floor, he had told me; but when I reached it and found no name on the door but plain

AARON BREITSTEIN

I felt convinced there had been some mistake. For only that morning had I not been reading about Lord NEWTON's Moneylenders Bill, the point of which is that no moneylender at the present time would dream of having anything but a Christian—or, if possible, a Scotch—name.

I was therefore beating a retreat, when the door opened and I was asked if I was looking for anything. To the

blond, muscular, snub-nosed and very obvious Anglo-Saxon gentleman who put the question I replied that I was in search of one whose privilege and pleasure it was to assist his fellows in times of financial stress.

"Come in," he said; "that's what I'm jolly well here for."

I held my swimming head.

"But," I said, "how can you be a moneylender when your name is Aaron Breitstein? It's impossible. If your name was Aaron Breitstein you would have to change it in order to succeed in such a business. You would call yourself Graham or Moffatt or Buntly or Archer or Rosslyn or Harmsworth or Pearson. I know; I have been reading the aliases in the daily press only this morning."

"My real name is not Aaron Breitstein," he said. "That's only my business name."

"What is your real name?" I asked.

"John George Albion," he said.

"But if that's your real name," I replied, "you must be English, and indeed you look it; and how can an Englishman be a moneylender? It's not done."

"I'm merely an innovator," he said. "I want to be in the van. Seeing this change coming I decided to be the first moneylender with a frankly Semitic name, and so I opened this office right away in order to get a start of all the 'Scotchmen' when they have to revert to their true style."

"But your triumph cannot last long," I reminded him; "for you'll have to change back too."

"I don't think so," he said. "I don't expect to be worried very much. Only the suspected are under suspicion, you know."

"True," I said.

"Meanwhile," he continued, "how much do you want?"

I told him.

"Your name and address?" he added, looking me full in the face.

I smiled as I gave them, and he smiled as he wrote them down.

"Ah!" he said, "Lord NEWTON is very solicitous for the health of the public, but what about the public's friends in need? What about money-borrowers' aliases? That's where *we* suffer, and no peer will ever do anything to protect us."



A CHEAP DIVERSION.

"LET'S GO TO THE MUSIC-HALL?"

"NAW."

"LET'S GO TO THE SINNEMER, THEN?"

"NAW."

"WELL, COME ON, LET'S GO AND SEE MY PAÑEL DOCTOR?"

"RIGHT-O."

RURAL REVELRY.

(*Vide Local Press passim.*)

ON Friday last the annual outing of the Titteringham Literary Society was held in perfect weather, to the complete satisfaction of all who were privileged to participate therein. Hitherto the members have fared forth on their annual expeditions in horse-drawn vehicles, usually of the waggonette type, but on this occasion a new departure was made, and the Society availed themselves of the new and commodious motor-brake recently acquired by Messrs. Docking and Posh. Mr. Jno. Posh, Junr., was at the wheel,

and his tactful execution of his chaufferial functions elicited the warmest encomiums, the list of casualties being confined to one hedgehog, for which no claim was preferred.

An excellent start was effected at 10.30 A.M. from the "Hammer and Tongs Inn," and in less than an hour the splendidly upholstered vehicle, gliding swiftly over the well-appointed road, drew up at the entrance to Newbottle Abbey. A special feature of these excursions is the excellent practice of allotting each place visited to a member with special antiquarian knowledge. On this occasion it fell to the lot of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Ezra

Tipple, to discourse on the beauties of Newbottle Abbey; and right eloquently did he avail himself of his opportunities. Mr. Tipple gave a short and masterly sketch of the original Roman camp of Novo-Bottilium, on the site of which the Abbey was subsequently built by Goswy, King of Northumbria. Later on, when KING JOHN was on his disastrous march to the Wash, he was entertained with lavish hospitality by the Abbot, and in return for a magnificent dish of carp, which were served up to the royal epicure, the Abbey received the right to adopt the somewhat pagan motto of *Carpe diem*. Proceeding thence to Stuttfingford the party partook of an excellent luncheon at the "Gray Goose Hotel," where mine host (Mr. Jonah Bulpitt) literally surpassed himself in the amplitude of the *menu* provided.

Before leaving Stuttfingford on the return journey, the Society spent a delightful hour in the Free Library, where Mr. Widgery Bamber, the librarian, did the honours of the institution, and Mr. Theophilus Moulton delivered an interesting address on the principal branches of local manufacture, viz., cotton, linen, canvas for sails, sacking, candlewicks, hats, axes, adzes, spades, hoes, and sickles. The chief articles of export, in addition to some of the above, are wool, grain, butter, bath-chairs, gunpowder, golf-balls, pig-iron, erinolines (for Central Africa), swoggles and bobbins. On the motion of Mr. Hatherley Goole a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Moulton for his lucid and illuminating address.

Having partaken of lunch at Stuttfingford the party were delighted to find tea provided for them on reaching Tittenhanger at 4.45 P.M., Messrs. Pottle and Sons, the well-known caterers of Wigborough, having purveyed the repast, which included shrimps and cherries as *hors d'œuvre*. When repletion had supervened the party migrated to the monastery, where the Rev. John Black, whose services as *cicerone* were greatly appreciated, gave a vivid account of this great but now derelict foundation. In the days of HENRY VII. the staff included an arch-mandible, seventeen wapentakers, twenty halberdiers, several seneschals, and a deputy swan-marker. The soil is chiefly clay and the land is in many parts swampy, but remarkably fine lobsters are bred in the river; the air is salubrious and the surrounding scenery of pleasing character. Several human bones were dug up in the immediate neighbourhood of the gatehouse, which is a fine specimen of mid-Victorian *flamboyant* style, with machicolated transoms and garbled triforium.

On an excursion of this sort not much



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

AN ENTHUSIAST (WHO HAS THE FUTURE OF BRITAIN VERY MUCH AT HEART) TIMING A WELSHER OVER THE 200 METRES.

time is available for the collector, but while the Stuttlebury woods were being explored specimens were obtained of the lesser pimpernel, the striped or deadly pipsqueak, stuntwort, talking nettle, and friable rock-bane, also known as the vegetable lamprey. Mr. Josiah Povey also brought back with him two horseshoes, three gutty golf-balls, probably dating from the early 'nineties, a disused sprocket-wheel, and a pair of Argosy braces.

A halt was made on the return journey at the parish church of Great Snoring, which the Rev. John Bluck described as one of the stateliest monuments of the Decorated Soporific school of art. Within a mile of home the complete success of the excursion was very nearly impaired by a serious accident. Mr. Timothy Wanlip, junr., who had partaken heartily of shrimps, was suddenly seized with what Mr. LLOYD GEORGE elegantly calls "cross-Channel" symptoms, and fell from the box-seat. Fortunately the brake had been fitted only the day before by Messrs. Brackley and Jeeves with a crowscraper, which most efficiently prevented Mr. Wanlip, junr., from being crushed under the wheels. Restoratives were promptly administered by our good friend Mr. Hugo Trotter, L.P.S., and the homeward journey was completed without any further *contretemps*.

THE DAVID-AND-JONATHAN BRIGADE.

"THE affectionate relations between Mr. CHURCHILL and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE," says *The Star*, "was (*sic*) noted in various little ways at the National Liberal Club outside the speeches. As they left the room Mr. CHURCHILL was assuring Mr. GEORGE, 'You're the man for us,' and patting him on the back."

The almost doglike devotion that Mr. ASQUITH displays at all times towards Mr. JOHN REDMOND received a charming illustration during the division on the Third Reading of the Ministerial Investments Bill. As they returned from the Lobby the PREMIER was holding on to the Irish Leader's hand and, looking wistfully up into his eyes, was heard to remark, "Where should we be without you?"

Sir MAURICE LEVY and Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, it is well known, are bosom friends and enjoy each other's confidence in a remarkable degree. The depth of the feeling existing between them was made apparent to passers-by the other day when, standing outside the Leicester Lounge, the Radical plutocrat placed his arm round his colleague's neck and murmured in his ear, "RAMSAY, you're the limit!"

Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT and Mr. JOHN

BURNS are, of course, inseparable. Only the other day, as they strolled together across Palace Yard, the COLONIAL SECRETARY was observed to punch his comrade in the ribs and shout admiringly, "Ho, you are a one!"

THE STORY BOOK.

["It is announced in an American newspaper that a hen's egg, laid at Shuqualak, Mississippi, had the words 'Watch and pray' plainly visible and somewhat raised above the surface of the shell. The 'W' and 'P' were in capital letters."]

A VOLUME most delightful
I'm happy to possess,
Of pasted cuttings quite full
Collected from the Press;
For years I've kept it going,
Preserving thus intact
The fictions, glib and flowing,
Retailled to us as fact.

The range of choice is ample,
But one I chiefly love—
The staggering example
That's reproduced above;
I've sought in each direction,
But none with this can vie,
The gem of my collection,
The Very Biggest Lie.

Letter from a parent to a Bridlington schoolmistress:—

"Dear Miss —,—, Dorothy's absense was required at home yesterday afternoon.—J.F."

LOT 176.

"Do you happen to want," I said to Henry, "an opera hat that doesn't op? At least it only works on one side."

"No," said Henry.

"To anyone who buys my opera hat for a large sum I am giving away four square yards of linoleum, a revolving bookcase, two curtain rods, a pair of spring-grip dumb-bells and an extremely patent mouse-trap."

"No," said Henry again.

"The mouse-trap," I pleaded, "is unused. That is to say, no mouse has used it yet. My mouse-trap has never been blooded."

"I don't want it myself," said Henry, "but I know a man who does."

"Henry, you know everybody. For Heaven's sake introduce me to your friend. Why does he particularly want a mouse-trap?"

"He doesn't. He wants anything that's old. Old clothes, old carpets, anything that's old he'll buy."

He seemed to be exactly the man I wanted.

"Introduce me to your fellow club-man," I said firmly.

That evening I wrote to Henry's friend, Mr. Bennett. "Dear Sir," I wrote, "if you would call upon me to-morrow I should like to show you some really old things, all genuine antiques. In particular I would call your attention to an old opera hat of exquisite workmanship and a mouse-trap of chaste and handsome design. I have also a few yards of Queen Anne linoleum of a circular pattern which I think will please you. My James the First spring-grip dumb-bells and Louis Quatorze curtain-rods are well known to connoisseurs. A genuine old cork bedroom suite, comprising one bath-mat, will also be included in the sale. Yours faithfully."

On second thoughts I tore the letter up and sent Mr. Bennett a postcard asking him to favour the undersigned with a call at 10.30 prompt. And at 10.30 prompt he came.

I had expected to see a bearded patriarch with a hooked nose and three hats on his head, but Mr. Bennett turned out to be a very spruce gentleman, wearing (I was sorry to see) much better clothes than the opera hat I proposed to sell him. He became businesslike at once.

"Just tell me what you want to sell," he said, whipping out a pocket-book, "and I'll make a note of it. I take anything."

I looked round my spacious apartment and wondered what to begin with.

"The revolving bookcase," I announced.

"I'm afraid there's very little sale for revolving bookcases now," he said, as he made a note of it.

"As a matter of fact," I pointed out, "this one doesn't revolve. It got stuck some years ago."

He didn't seem to think that this would increase the rush, but he made a note of it.

"Then the writing-desk."

"The what?"

"The Georgian bureau. A copy of an old twentieth-century *escritoire*."

"Walnut?" he said, tapping it.

"Possibly. The value of this Georgian writing-desk, however, lies not in the wood but in the literary associations."

"Ah! My customers don't bother much about that, but still—whose was it?"

"Mine," I said with dignity, placing my hand in the breast pocket of my coat. "I have written many charming things at that desk. My 'Ode to a Bell-push,' my 'Thoughts on Asia,' my—"

"Anything else in this room?" said Mr. Bennett. "Carpet, curtains—"

"Nothing else," I said coldly.

We went into the bedroom and, gazing on the linoleum, my enthusiasm returned to me.

"The linoleum," I said with a wave of the hand.

"Very much worn," said Mr. Bennett.

I called his attention to the piece under the bed.

"Not under there," I said. "I never walk on that piece. It's as good as new."

He made a note. "What else?" he said.

I showed him round the collection. He saw the Louis Quatorze curtain-rods, the cork bedroom suite, the Cæsarian nail-brush (quite bald), the antique shaving-mirror with genuine crack—he saw it all. And then we went back into the other rooms and found some more things for him.

"Yes," he said, consulting his notebook. "And now how would you like me to buy these?"

"At a large price," I said. "If you have brought your cheque-book I'll lend you a pen."

"You want me to make you an offer? Otherwise I should sell them by auction for you, deducting ten per cent. commission."

"Not by auction," I said impulsively. "I couldn't bear to know how much, or rather how little, my Georgian bureau fetched. It was there, as I think I told you, that I wrote my 'Guide to the Round Pond.' Give me an inclusive price for the lot, and never, never let me know the details."

He named an inclusive price. It was something under a hundred-and-fifty pounds. I shouldn't have minded that if it had only been a little over ten pounds. But it wasn't.

"Right," I agreed. "And, oh, I was nearly forgetting. There's an old opera hat of exquisite workmanship, which—"

"Ah, now, clothes had much better be sold by auction. Make a pile of all you don't want and I'll send round a sack for them. I have an auction sale every Wednesday."

"Very well. Send round to-morrow. And you might—er—also send round a—er—cheque for—quite so. Well, then, good morning."

When he had gone I went into my bedroom and made a pile of my opera-hat. It didn't look very impressive—hardly worth having a sack specially sent round for it. To keep it company I collected an assortment of clothes. It pained me to break up my wardrobe in this way, but I wanted the bidding for my opera-hat to be brisk, and a few preliminary suits would warm the public up. Altogether it was a goodly pile when it was done. The opera-hat perched on the top, half of it only at work.

* * * * *

To-day I received from Mr. Bennett a cheque, a catalogue and an account. The catalogue was marked "Lots 172-179." Somehow I felt that my opera hat would be Lot 176. I turned to it in the account.

"Lot 176—Six shillings."

"It did well," I said. "Perhaps in my heart of hearts I hoped for seven and sixpence, but six shillings—yes, it was a good hat."

And then I turned to the catalogue.

"Lot 176—Frock coat and vest, dress coat and vest, ditto, pair of trousers and opera hat."

"And opera hat." Well, well. At least it had the position of honour at the end. My opera hat was starred.

A. A. M.

Also Ran.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George were present at a performance of 'La Bohème,' given at Covent Garden on Monday night, when Melba and Caruso were never heard to such good advantage. The King and Queen were also present."—*Carnarvon Herald*.

"'Cynic,' 'iconoclast,' 'wanton'—all these terms, and many more, have been applied to Bernard Shaw from the time when his *Widowers' Houses* was produced down to the present."

The Sunday Times (Sydney).

But you ought to have heard the things they said when his *Widowers' Houses* was produced.



THE MARCONI INFLUENCE.

Inspecting Officer (to captain who has been captured with his entire company). "I UTTERLY FAIL TO UNDERSTAND WHAT CAN HAVE INDUCED YOU TO EXPOSE YOUR COMPANY INSTEAD OF TAKING COVER."

Captain Feddup. "WELL, SIR, I MAY HAVE ACTED THOUGHTLESSLY, I MAY HAVE ACTED CARELESSLY, MISTAKENLY; BUT I HAVE ACTED INNOCENTLY, HONESTLY, AND, AS YOU SEE, OPENLY."

A HIGHLAND SOLITUDE; OR, SACRIFICED TO MAKE A SPORTSMAN'S HOLIDAY.

(Being a poignant illustration of the darker aspects of life on a sporting estate.)

It was generally understood in the hotel that Mr. Ezekiel Thornton, of Salford, was studying social conditions from a Radical point of view. Certainly he took no interest whatever in the fishing, and as the rest of us, for the time being, took no interest whatever in anything else our intimacy with him did not ripen as it might have done. He seemed to spend most of his time poking about making deplorable discoveries, but he was always most ready to talk when he could find a victim. I came upon him one sunny morning leaning against the railing and gazing out across the loch.

"You know, I do feel for these Highland shepherds," he began. "Theirs is a bleak, hard life." And he sighed.

I gave him no encouragement, but he went on.

"The population is leaving the country; and can you wonder at it? There"—with a fine wave of his arm—

"where there might be and ought to be a flourishing community tilling the heather, the place is a mere solitude given over to grouse and deer. Do you see that little white cottage over there? Near the head of the lake? One of the gillies was telling me to-day that the shepherd's wife that lives there has broken down completely—mental depression—nervous collapse. Surely that ought not to be."

"Certainly not," said I.

Mr. Ezekiel Thornton took a long breath, and I knew that I was in for it.

"Twenty years ago her husband took her over there as a bride, a strong, healthy, buxom young woman of twenty-three. And now it has come to this!"

"But what went wrong?"

"Sheer loneliness," he replied mournfully. "She had no neighbours. There is no road, not even a track to the cottage. Week after week she never saw the face of a stranger. There she sat day after day, her husband away on the hill, cut off from her fellows, looking out across the steel-grey loch."

There was a short pause, and then he began to pile it on. "There she sat, I say, listless, forgotten by the

busy world, forced back upon her own brooding solitude year after year. And now has come the inevitable collapse."

"And has she no children? I asked. "Thirteen." He shook his head sadly. "Thirteen mouths to fill."

Journalistic Modesty.

"WASTE PAPER WANTED.

A PROBLEM SOLVED BY 'THE DAILY CHRONICLE.'—*The Daily Chronicle.*

"He believed the whole financial difficulty could be overcome through fostering free will offerings, and he held very strongly to the opinion that the whole difficulty could be overcome through fostering freewill offerings, and he held very strongly to the opinion that the whole difficulty could be overcome through the good old orthodox method—the church offertory."—*Daily News and Leader.*

He held on too long.

"WANTED TO BUY.—Handcuffs and Fakes of every description. Must be cheap or useless."—*The Magical World.*
Cheap, for choice, please.

The Lightning Impersonator.

"Then there was more applause and more recalls, and at last (copying Madame Patti) he appeared on the platform with his hat, his cane, and his gloves."

Daily News and Leader.



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

VI. ACQUIRE A FEW ORIGINAL EXPLETIVES AND LET THEM LOOSE ON APPROPRIATE OCCASIONS.

THE M.P.'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

(After ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.)

I.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF MEMBERS.
M.P.'s should to their chiefs be true
And vote as they are told to do;
Be gentlemanly in debate
Or try to be, at any rate.

II.

A THOUGHT.

It's really very nice to think
That in the House there's meat and
drink,
With no necessity to speak
And all the time £8 a week!

III.

THE DAILY ROUND.

In winter sitting late at night
I hate the artificial light;
In summer it is rather hard
To leave the sun in Palace Yard.
I have to go inside the place,
And hang about all day in case
The Tories spring a snap division
And then object to its rescission.
Now does it not seem hard to you,
When there are nicer things to do,
That I should have to spend my day
In such a tiresome sort of way?

IV.

TWO OF A KIND.

I love the man who pairs with me
And gives me whole days off;
On politics we disagree
But both are keen on golf.
It's nicer far at Walton Heath
Than voting like machines,
For here there's lovely turf beneath
Our feet and perfect greens!
All worries we have left behind;
We are as free as air;
It would be difficult to find
A more contented pair.

V.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

I do as I am told each day
And in the end it's bound to pay,
For if I don't make any slips
I'll win the favour of the Whips.
A Member who, though not much
worth,
Can't some day get a decent berth,
He is a bad M.P., I'm sure,
Or else his brains are very poor.

VI.

A PRETTY THOUGHT.

The House is so full of delightful M.P.'s
I'm sure we should all be as happy as
bees.

VII.

GOOD AND BAD MEMBERS.

Members! once you've been elected,
Always vote as you're expected,
Not the way your heart inclines,
But on strictest Party lines.

Let it be your only hobby
To perambulate the Lobby;
Very seldom even try
To attract the SPEAKER's eye.

Ready at a moment's notice
In your place, whatever the vote is—
That was how—and still is yet—
Members reached the Cabinet.

But the lazy and unruly
And the sort who speak unduly,
Let them put aside the notion
They will ever get promotion.

Faithless and unwilling henchmen
Never will become front-bench-men,
And they cannot well complain
If Private Members they remain.

"Two reservoirs at Bradford have been
poisoned by dye.

"The action is attributed to Suffragettes,
and the supply has been cut off."

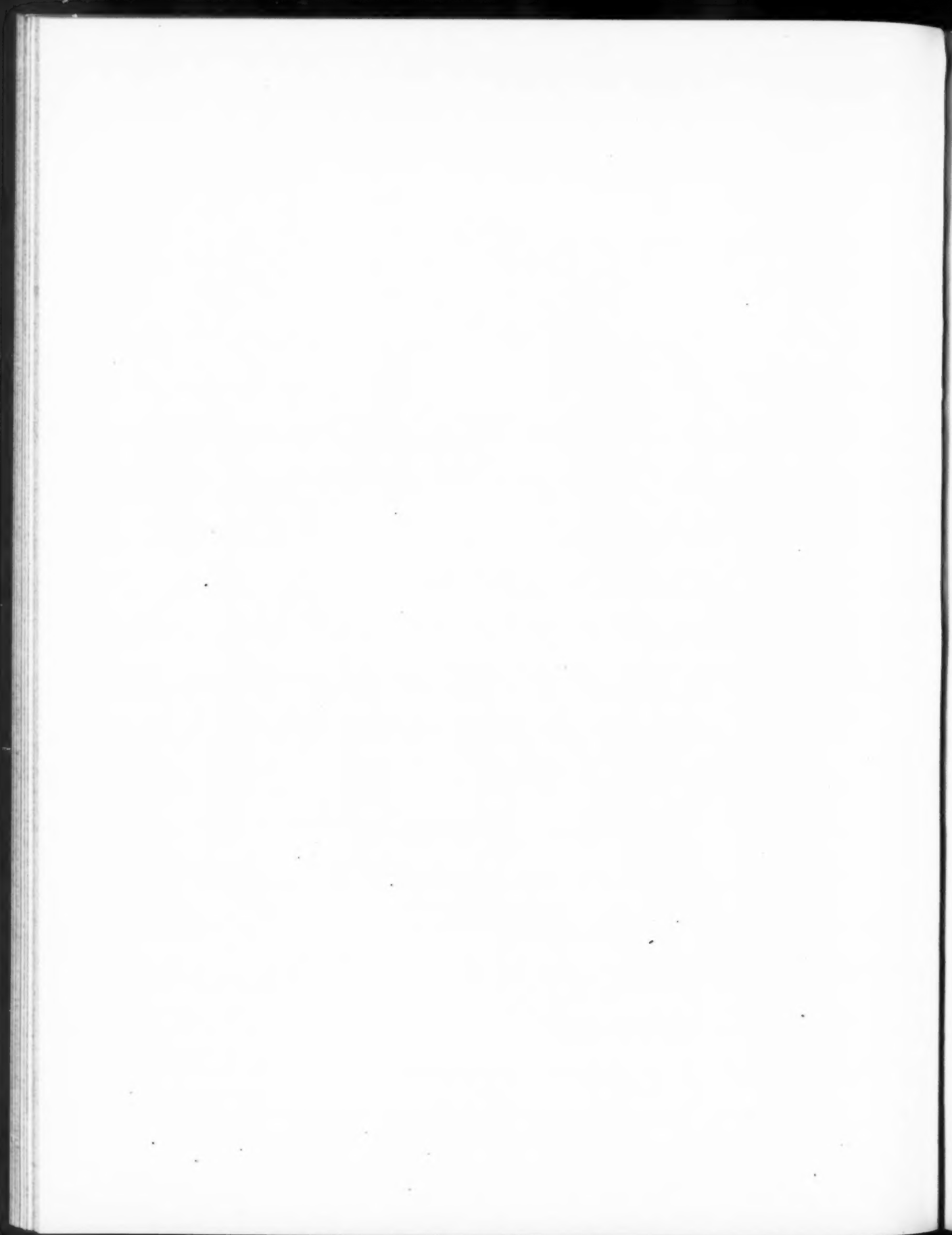
South African News.

In England the supply of them con-
tinues.



THE LOOKER-ON.

TURKEY (to the Balkan "Allies"). "IT PAINS ME, GENTLEMEN, TO THINK THAT YOU, WHO HAVE BEEN ANIMATED FROM THE FIRST BY PURE CHRISTIAN ZEAL ON BEHALF OF OPPRESSED NATIONALITIES, SHOULD FALL OUT OVER THE SWAG. IF THE MEDIATION OF A MUTUAL FRIEND WOULD PROVE ACCEPTABLE, PRAY COMMAND MY SERVICES."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, June 30.—Lord NEWTON not only makes excellent jokes; he passes good Bills. Already this Session, whilst others talk and wrangle, he has carried through a useful measure dealing with the evils of betting. To-day moves second reading of the Moneylenders Bill. Not the kind that Josiah or Abraham would voluntarily endorse, even with the prospect of something more than the maximum of 5 per cent. interest which figures modestly in their circulars. And yet its provisions are so simple, and the obvious marvel is they were not earlier enforced.

All that Lord NEWTON asks is that moneylenders shall describe themselves as such; that in addition to their assumed names they shall give their own; and that their circulars shall be sent only to such hapless students of this type of literature as shall indicate desire to have it supplied.

A flutter audible on certain benches when, as result of inquiry, NEWTON told how these honest traders, solicitous to add appearance of respectability to shady business, borrow names of noble lords and flaunt them in place of their own, invariably suggestive of Semitic origin. For example, there are among the tribe a BURTON, a STEWART (no kinsman of LONDONDERRY or GALLOWAY), a FORTESCUE and—here NEWTON, smitten with genuine emotion, shuddered—a CURZON. This indignity to an historic assembly, which has not even a preamble to recommend it, will be made impossible by passing of the Bill.

"For example," NEWTON said, glancing lightly from Ministerial Bench to Front Bench opposite, from SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA to LEADER OF OPPOSITION who confronted him, "Moses and Aaron trading as CREWE and LANSLOWNE will be obliged to disclose their identity."

Prospect of deliverance from the pest of moneylenders' circulars evidently touched a chord of sympathy. The MEMBER FOR SARK, who watched debate from Commons' pen, bore personal testimony to prevalence of the plague.

"Rarely a morning passes without the post bringing me one or more of these circulars," he said. "Any day I might, on ridiculously low terms, find myself in possession of sums varying from £100 to £20,000. No questions asked; no disclosure made. Just your note of hand, and there's your money. Following a hint dropped some years

ago by my lamented friend LABBY, I used to put the circulars in an unstamped envelope and re-address them to the sender, Moses or Aaron as the case might be. Pictured to myself their benevolent smile when, having paid twopence for the missive expectant of prey, they found their own circular.

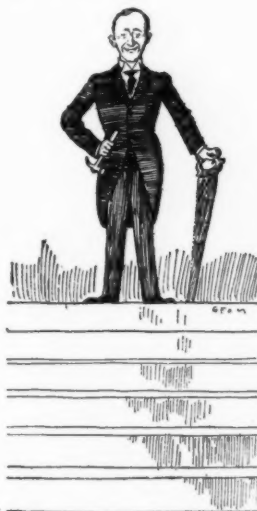
"Am told this artless expedient is



THE MASKED MONEY-LENDERS.

"Moscs and Aaron trading as CREWE and LANSDOWNE."

counterchecked by hereditary wariness. Orders have been given in all money-lenders' offices not to take in unstamped letters. What puzzles me is how these fellows come to know of my straitened circumstances, a condition of life the privacy of which I jealously guard. As they say at the War Office, the Admiralty or elsewhere, when an embarrassing document gets into the papers, there's a leakage somewhere."



THE STAIRS THAT BENN BUILT.
(MR. WEDGWOOD BENN.)

Business done.—Second Reading of Moneylenders Bill passed without division. Chorus of approval promises swift and certain progress to Statute Book.

House of Commons, 8.30 A.M., Thursday.—After sitting that ran nearly the full round of the clock House sleepily adjourned. In other days, before Irish

Members found salvation, it was a familiar incident in week's work to go home with the milk in the morning. Of late an all-night sitting is so unusual as to create some talk. Suggests inquiry about reasonableness of charging overtime. Labour Members testify that when that overloaded Titan, the British workman, is required to stay on after completion of a full day's work he is paid per hour at increased rate. Why should there be one law for the dock-worker and another for the wage-earner at Westminster? Talk of organising strikes if demands on this score be ignored by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER.

Late sitting occasioned by resolute opposition displayed against Plural Voting Bill in Committee. Earlier in afternoon there was outbreak disclosing a fresh electricity in an atmosphere which through long hours is dolefully depressing. Marconi episode petered out and ARCHER-SHEE not quite ready with his oil-can. Accordingly, by way of filling up time, WOLMER, devoured with anxiety for political purity, brings in Bill extending scope of Corrupt Practices Act. Based upon incident occurring at recent by-election at Leicester. Some misunderstanding about communication to working-men voters as to view taken by Labour leaders in the Commons of interposition of third candidate. WOLMER with frankness of comparative youth had already indicated his view of transaction.

"A forged telegram," he remarked, when MAURICE LEVY, who transmitted the message, escorted the new Member for Leicester to the Table to take the oath.

"A vulgar and insulting remark," LEVY described it.

WOLMER, shocked at this language, appealed to SPEAKER for protection. Got more than he expected in shape of stern reminder that his own disorderly conduct had put him out of court.

Few minutes later the SPEAKER again shortened unseemly episode by stopping LEVY, who was on the point of what would have been deplorable final retort to the noble Lord who talked about forgery.



"THE FIVE MEMBERS."

Mr. MASTERMAN, Colonel LOCKWOOD, Mr. BONAR LAW, Mr. HARCOURT and Mr. WILLIE REDMOND figuring as models for the picture that is to decorate the centre panel of the new staircase to the Terrace.

Business done.—Wrestled round Plural Voting Bill the long night through.

Friday.—The week has seen something more than irresistible progress of Home Rule Bill, Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill, and Plural Voting Bill towards Statute Book. Has witnessed opening of new staircase leading from dining-room lobby to Terrace. Tendency of Parliamentary mind distinctly running in direction of staircases leading anywhere so that they lead away from the workshop where our £400 a year is so arduously earned.

A few years ago new staircase was built regardless of expense for use of ladies going to tea on the Terrace or dinner in the Harcourt Room. Extravagance was the outcome of protest by clique of misanthropes who complained that, when they left enclosure on Terrace reserved "For Members only" and tried to run upstairs in response to sound of division bell, their progress was impeded by what they called "women" tripping downstairs, usually occupying the whole of centre-way.

New staircase primarily for service of Members; they are indebted to the energy of WEDGWOOD BENN, representative in Commons of Board of Works. A First Commissioner (in this case his deputy) is naturally desirous of leaving his mark—to be more precise, his signature—indelibly written on walls of historic edifice. Thus LOULU

built a spacious banquet hall and Members call it the "Harcourt Room." The new descent to the Terrace will be known as the Benmachree Staircase, a name which happily blends the patronymic of the Minister with a compliment to the Irish alliance with the Ministry of the day.

As BENN told a deeply interested House, it is intended to decorate the centre panel of the staircase with a picture designed by SEYMOUR LUCAS representing "The Flight of the Five Members." Promise of much competition for places on the panel. As yet no decision arrived at as to identity of sitters for what is likely to be a stirring picture of Members bolting downstairs. All that has yet been settled is that, in accordance with rule governing nomination of Select Committees, two shall be selected from the Ministerial side, two from the Opposition Benches, with one Irish Member.

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill through Committee.

The Surprise.

From a Ceylon circular:—

"Printed Carpets on Japanese grass, looks like carpets."

Rotten if they had looked like banana skins.

"Wanted—Baby's cot; also rabbits."

Advt. in "Victoria Colonist."

We prefer the ordinary hutch.

THE PUSHER.

JAMES may say what he likes, but it was not my intention to hit the girl in the rhododendron-coloured jersey. I hate these losing hazards off the red. And the same applies to the young man with the artificially-preserved eye who was helping her to study the line of her putt; the wanton destruction of plate-glass is wholly abhorrent to my retiring disposition. But, just as the bee or the butterfly is lured by the brightness of certain flowers, just as the moth flutters round the evening lamp and the bird dashes itself against the lighthouse window, well—he was a pale-faced handsome-looking fellow, my ball, with a black rolling eye, and naturally enough the society of two commonplace men was a bit dull for him.

It was at the fourth tee that the trouble began. I had waggled about a long time before letting fly, and probably he hypnotised me, so that I caught him a most tremendous crack across the left flank with the toe of my club. Fortunately there is no silly point at golf, or he would have got it in the neck; but Pink Coat and her cavalier who were then standing on the seventh green only escaped his importunity by a magnificent piece of ducking. It was done in perfect time and looked very pretty. As I walked slowly away from James to round up the renegade I took off my cap and



First American Lady Polo Player. "DON'T LIKE HIM TO PLAY AGAINST? WHY?"

Second American Lady Polo Player. "WELL, HE ALWAYS PLAYS AS IF I WAS ONLY A WOMAN."

spoke to them. "No holding him to-day, I am afraid," I murmured apologetically; "the drought seems to be in his blood."

The girl stared and the young man put up the forcing-frame which had fallen from his eye during the recent manoeuvres and positively looked niblicks at me.

"Oughtn't to allow them on the links at all," I heard him say, as I tried to bolt the wanderer from the burrow where he had gone to earth.

He was quite steady after that, until the eleventh hole, where, taking advantage of the fact that I used a cleek for my second, he tried to make up to them again. I shouted "Fore!" and watched him. He travelled with a low curly gait about ankle high, the sort of shot that leaves cover-point guessing every time. Rhododendron and Glass-house were taking the flag out of the fifteenth hole, and they cut him by a brisk leap into the air. I could scarcely refrain from shouting "Encore!" as I hurried across to whip him in. I managed, however, to make another apology, and there was another frost.

"Disgusting," said the young man as

he replaced his stopper, and they both deliberately turned their backs on me.

"I don't think I like those people," I said to James as I rejoined him; "they seem rather reserved."

"I know the man a little," said James, and as luck would have it he was the only occupant of the male compartment of the club-house when we came in to tea.

"Hullo, I'm afraid my partner nearly damaged you this afternoon," said James; "he's very sorry about it."

Then I made my third apology, and the chap looked at me through his glass as if I had been a green-fly. This was unbearable. Hang it all, the grievance was more mine than his. It was obviously the gay, worldly appearance of himself and his partner that had tempted my ball away from its proper courses.

I determined to be affable.

"Are you going to play another round?" I asked him.

"No," he replied coldly; "I am going home. There's no safe place on these links."

Very sadly indeed I ate an enormous tea, and, whether it was the effect of the second piece of cake or not I do

not know, but my first drive afterwards had a huge slice upon it. Almost at once it was obvious that my ball would drop, not on the course, but out of bounds in the road that runs outside. A second later, as it hovered in the air, it was clear that it was extremely likely to hit a large open motor-car coming from the club-house. As a matter of fact it timed its descent with extraordinary precision. I have seldom seen two motorists look so frightened. Simultaneously they leapt into the air and flung themselves back against the cushions. One of them, I noticed, had a monocle in his eye. His companion wore a fur coat, but she had a kind of pink woollen garment on her lap, and the adventurer fell exactly between them.

I did not pursue them to reclaim my property. Legally speaking, they had no right to appropriate the ball; yet, morally, I felt that they had earned it.

"Hampshire, 532. Oxford 1 for no wickets."—*Dundee Courier*.

This is headed "GOOD WORK BY OXFORD," and we must congratulate them on their plucky run.

TRY OUR MIXTURE.

SCENE—A RESTAURANT.

[Both the Old and the Young Man should look the picture of radiant health, the Waiter should be very genial, the Doctors pompous and well-meaning, and the Voices should be extremely agitated.]

Old Man. I am glad to see you are taking Bingo's Life Preserver.

Young Man. Yes, I always take it, and so do all my family. It is splendid stuff.

Old Man. And so cheap, too. Only one-and-nine the small bottle, and inferior makes cost two-and-nine or even three-and-two.

Young Man (sternly). I avoid all substitutes. Bingo's is the only true and original life preserver. (Very impressively) It saved the life of my aunt at Cromer.

Old Man. How delightful.

Young Man. And my great-uncle, who is ninety-eight, ascribes his robust health entirely to Bingo.

Old Man (con amore). I am not at all surprised.

Young Man. My grandfather lived to be one-hundred-and-eleven with the aid of the large bottle of Bingo, and then he was only killed by a motor-bus.

Old Man. Good.

Young Man. My liver, etc., etc.

Old Man (an hour later). You may well say that.

Young Man. It is splendid stuff.

Old Man (after a pause). It is splendid—I mean it is really good. (A reverent silence for a minute.) But tell me, Abraham, how does your love affair progress?

Young Man (assuming a lugubrious expression and heaving a profound sigh). Alas! alas!

Old Man. Oh dear, does she refuse you?

Young Man. Refuse me? Aurelia? No, she loves me to distraction; she would go through fire and water for me; but her father will not hear of an engagement. He says I have no money.

Old Man. What an impasse!

Young Man. Aurelia has enough for two, but she will not marry without her father's consent.

Old Man. Why not?

Young Man. She would lose her money if she did. I don't know what we shall do. Alas! (Weeps bitterly.)

Old Man. All this is very pathetic. It affects me strangely. It is quite like a play. (Restaurant band starts playing "Hitchy Koo.") Ah, there is some slow music. I think I will now weep. (Does so.)

Waiter. Another bottle, Sir? (Perceives their situation.) Dear, dear, don't take on so, gentlemen. Be British.

Old Man. Ow, ow, ow.

Waiter. Come, come, Sir, every cloud has a silver lining.

Old Man (rousing himself). That's true. I never thought of that.

[A woman's shriek now rends the air, which is also filled with confused cries and shouts. Several people rush in to the Restaurant in a very excited condition. Then an elderly gentleman in a state of collapse is carried in. His daughter (much affected) is by his side.]

First Voice. Quick, quick, a chair.

Second Voice. No, a sofa.

First Voice. Water, water.

Second Voice. Waiter, waiter.

First Voice. Fetch a doctor.

Third and Fourth Voices. Help, help! Oh lor! Oh lor!

Young Man. Goodness gracious, it is Aurelia. (Rushes up to her.)

Aurelia. Oh, Abraham, help. My poor father has been taken ill; he is dying. What shall we do?

Young Man. Send for a doctor.

[Enter three Doctors, each with a silk hat, a stethoscope and a thing that looks like a stiletto. They punch the elderly gentleman about the ribs.]

First Doctor (after hurried examination). I can do nothing. He has only an hour to live. Science is of no avail. My remedies are worthless. I am sorry.

[Pockets fee and exit.]

Young Man. Aurelia, bear up. This one may be wrong. He is not on the panel.

Second Doctor (shaking his head). He cannot live a day. [Exit.]

Old Man. This one is very terse. The whole thing is strangely dramatic.

Third Doctor (after usual preliminaries). No, my colleagues are right this time. It is quite hopeless, though I give him a week. It is most interesting. I can do nothing. I will call again. [Exit.]

Aurelia. Oh! what shall I do?

Young Man (tearing his hair distractedly). I am completely nonplussed.

Old Man. Abraham, have you forgotten Bingo's Life Preserver?

Young Man. Ah, my Bingo. (Pulls out his bottle and gives it to Aurelia's Father, who at once shows some signs of life. Slowly he returns to consciousness; at last he rises, looks round him and begins to dance about.)

Aurelia's Father. I feel very fit. I would like a game of squash rackets.

Aurelia (shocked). Father.

Aurelia's Father (surprised). Why, it isn't Sunday. Oh! I remember now. I was ill. What was the matter?

Old Man. Ill, Sir! You were at death's door. You were saved by this gallant young fellow.

Young Man (modestly). It wasn't me. I only did what every Englishman

worthy of the name would have done. It was Bingo who saved you.

Aurelia's Father (in a tone of displeasure). Abraham, do I see you here?

Young Man (nervously). I was here first.

Aurelia's Father. I suppose you were. I was brought in here, of course, when I was taken ill. And who is this Bingo who saved me?

Young Man. Bingo's Life Preserver, which I gave you in the nick of time.

Aurelia's Father (with emotion). Ah, how it comes back to me. My old father always told me to take it. The last, indeed the only, thing he ever gave me was a bottle of Bingo. But I neglected his warnings. I went my own way, reckless, careless, Bingoless. (Very firmly) I will be wiser now. Morning and night I will take my Bingo.

Aurelia. And you will consent to our engagement?

Aurelia's Father. Well, I suppose I must. (Grumpily) Abe, you can take my daughter.

All. Hip! hip! hoorah!

Old Man (to the audience). This is all due to Bingo.

Abraham and Aurelia embrace; the Waiter brings out drinks for all, and the Old Man walks off with Aurelia's Father. As the curtain falls he is heard saying—

Yes, but the large bottle at two-and-seven comes cheaper in the long run.

CURTAIN.

PUT TO THE PROOF.

LATELY I gave the camera-man

One last conclusive show:

He was to trace my final face

For after-men to know.

The deed was done; I looked—and got
A really nasty blow.

Plump and high-browed I knew I was,
But not half-bald and fat.

Those lines! That nose! Could they
be those

I wear beneath my hat?

And, horrified, "Kind heavens!" I
cried,

"It can't have come to that!"

Back went they; but next day arrived
Still deadlier printed lies;

A blasting sight! By day and night

Their memory never dies.

That Clapham Junction of a brow!

Those bagged and bleary eyes!

And with them came a note that made
Still worse his wanton act:

The earlier lot had given me what,

Said he, my features lacked,

Till Art "re-touched." These latest
showed

The Unmitigated Fact.

HINTS TO FOREIGNERS WHO PRODUCE CINEMA FILMS FOR THE
ENGLISH MARKET.



AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN AS A RULE DOES NOT ACT IN THE ABOVE MANNER DURING A MISUNDERSTANDING WITH A LADY WHO HAS ENGAGED HIS AFFECTIONS.



ENGLISH SPORTSMEN AND SPORTSWOMEN ARE SELDOM AS DECORATIVE AS THIS.



WHEN THE EARL OF WESSEX MEETS AN EX-OFFICER OF HIS REGIMENT IN THE DESERT THEY ARE UNLIKELY TO BEHAVE LIKE THIS.



WHEN THE NOTICE PRECEDING THE PICTURE DEFINITELY STATES THAT THE ACTION TAKES PLACE IN PICCADILLY THE ABOVE DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT SOMEHOW.

CAMPER'S LUCK.

WELL, yes, of course one is "roughing it," as they say. That is all right. You don't expect a vagrant's life to be a bed of roses. But I am not complaining of the rules of the game. Being no mean sportsman, I am always prepared to rough it in a spacious, weatherproof, well-ventilated and luxuriously appointed caravan, with a first-class stove, comfortable chairs and a thundering good bed. The trouble lies not in the inherent privations of existence on tour—far from it. The trouble lies in the ups and downs, the undulations—if you take me—in the run of luck. Even so, it would be all right if one thing did not lead to another. But it does.

They go in cycles, generally of about twenty-four hours. If a day means to be good it is not at all easy to spoil it. And if it means to be bad you can't cure it. It is simply the steady preponderance of good days over bad that makes caravanning the finest holiday in the world. But "when they are bad" (like the little girl in the poem) "they are horrid."

You can nearly always tell them as soon as you get up. The rubber bath acts as a sort of rough index for the day. If it behaves well you are pretty sure to be all right. But if it begins by flopping over when you are filling it, and flooding the corner where you keep the boots, and ends by turning on you viciously as you are emptying it out of a high window, you are in for it. You must go forward in faith, with no immediate hope, and with your eye fixed bravely on the morrow. In the meantime you may expect a bad egg for breakfast, a heavy downpour of rain while you are packing up, a broken trace when you stick in the gate, a mistake in the map, which lands you into impossible country, a lame horse. You will find you have forgotten the corkscrew and left behind your only pipe; the shops in the village that you were counting on are closed for the weekly half-holiday; your letters have been sent to the wrong place. You endure endless delays in finding camping ground, because the farmer has recently made the farm over to his brother-in-law (just now at the station with the milk), who has sub-let the only possible field to the butcher, who is at a market four miles off, and (when he is found) can't move the cattle unless he has permission to put them into the meadow that belongs to the aged schoolmaster, who is in bed with a sharp attack of pneumonia and can't be consulted. That is the sort of way it works.

And, as I have said, one thing leads to another.

It is late at night and everything is at last in order. It occurs to you, just before turning in, that you will clean the fish for breakfast. That will not take five minutes. You go into the kitchen, get a bowl, a sharp knife and the bucket. In pouring the water into the bowl you slip and flood the floor. You mop it up, and then you must wash your hands. You get a basin, fetch the soap from the bedroom and pour out more water. You wash your hands. Very well, you return to the fish. The candle has almost burned out. You go and grope for another in the locker, and have the misfortune to get your hand into the blacking. You light the candle, wash your hands and return to your fish. But by degrees you are getting deeper in. The candle topples over. You had jammed it on the top of the hot stump and it has gone weak in the knees. You make a grab at it. You are too late to save it, but you knock something off the table and can hear it dripping quietly in the dark. You plunge fishy hands into your pockets, but find you have no matches. You have to go for them to the bedroom, stepping on the lard *en route*. You find that the dripping sound was methylated spirit and it has contaminated the frying-pan. Very well. You fix your candle. Everything is getting pretty fishy by this time, so you wash your hands. You return to your fish. Then you try to wash the frying-pan with cold water, and fail. You must boil water, and you have no water left. You light a lantern and go for water to the spring (600 yards). You propose to ignite the stove. It is empty. The oil is beneath the van, and it is now raining hard. You bring the oil and upset the milk which some fool had left on the step. You light the stove; boil the water; wash the pan; wash the floor; chuck away the lard; wash your hands; put out the stove; take back the oil and put the fish in the frying-pan. It is now two hours since you began and your net loss is one quart of milk, a pint of methylated spirit and a chunk of lard. You see what I mean when I say that one thing leads to another.

But then, if the morrow is a good day, it will inaugurate a new cycle. The fish will not, after all, taste of methylated spirit. You will find enough milk in the blue jug. As you empty the bath out of the window, it will quite gratuitously put out a rising conflagration where some one had set fire to the old newspapers, and might have set fire to the van. At breakfast, if you happen to drop a plate off the table, it

will not break but it will kill a wasp. As the day goes on itinerant butchers and bakers will minister to you in the nick of time. A preternaturally intelligent postman will pursue you on a bicycle with the lost letters. By taking a wrong turning you are brought to the most perfect camp of the tour in a sheltered meadow by a winding stream. One of the lamps of the stove goes out, while you are not watching it, and thereby saves the sirloin from being grossly overdone.

And late at night a sudden heavy shower extinguishes the gramophone of the party camped over the hedge.

FAUVETTE.

(A Toy Dog.)

FAUVETTE a dainty lady is;
Her life is hedged with luxuries,
Her room with richest tapestries.

Her garb is very fair to view;
She has a silken coat of blue,
And one of roseate satin, too.

In this attire her days are spent
Upon a couch of pleasing scent
'Twixt sleep and taking nutriment,

For which she has a silver dish
Served with the rarer kinds of fish,
Or breast of game, if she should wish.

She comes of high and ancient line;
Her birth, her breeding, are so fine
That she has won of medals, nine.

Such worth demands the greatest care;
Tho' sometimes, when the day is fair,
She will go forth to breathe the air.

Not doomed to walk, as others are,
She takes a drive, not fast or far,
Well guarded in a costly car.

For this she has a coat of fur
And goggles light as gossamer,
Lest wind or dust should ravish her.

And she, from this high post, looks down
Coldly, between a sneer and frown,
On the low mongrels of the town,

Who see her on her owner's lap,
And, stung by her derisive yap,
Would give the world to have one snap.

It may be, if some boarhound ate
The frail and shivering Fauvette,
Her mistress would be much upset.

For me, at an event so triste,
I should not worry in the least,
I do so hate the little beast.

DUM-DUM.

A wit has applied the term "Lime-wash" to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's style at the National Liberal Club Luncheon. Conversely, the name of the CHANCELLOR's new private secretary is Mr. WHITEHOUSE.



Policeman (on point duty, to inquisitive stranger). "I WISH YOU WOULDN'T WORRY ME WHEN YOU SEE I'M BUSY. JUST LOOK WHAT YOU 'VE DONE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. OLIVER ONIONS is the latest expositor of the art of what might be called the concurrent sequel. I remember that, when he published the further history of *Jim Jeffries* under the title of *The Debit Account*, I complained that only those with some previous knowledge of his past could make out what it was all about. In the present volume, *The Story of Louie* (SECKER), he has been so far from repeating this mistake that *Louie's* story is entirely and absorbingly complete in itself; and only when about two-thirds of the way through did I suddenly find myself in familiar company. This many-sided consideration of one history is a fascinating development of fiction, which may however be overdone. Certainly the previous books had given me no idea that there was so much in *Louie*. I am inclined indeed to call her the most attractive figure in all Mr. ONIONS' rather sombre company. Child of a runaway match between an artist's model (who was also a pugilist) and a lady of quality, *Louie* is throughout the true daughter of such parents. She is a fighter, but she fights clean. Her upbringing by a mother who is ashamed of her; her attempt to earn independence at a gardening academy; the episode of her early love and its consequences—all these are so vividly told that, long before she met *Jim Jeffries* at the Business College, *Louie* had become for me absolutely human and real; so much so that the tragedy wherein,

according to the previous books, she had played but a subordinate part I now regarded exclusively as it concerned her. On which, since it was presumably just what Mr. ONIONS intended, I make him my felicitations, coupling with them a gentle hope that he will now leave this somewhat depressing affair and tell us about another.

One of the chief attractions of that pleasant writer, Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, is the natural and unforced fluency of style by which he communicates to the reader something of his own atmosphere of ease and confidence. It may be that in *The Honour of the Clintons* (STANLEY PAUL) the narrative is at times a little too unstudied; that a little more selection of detail might have strengthened it; that the dialogue, always extraordinarily probable, might with advantage have indulged our imaginations more freely; but these are the defects of a sound virtue. The plot of Mr. MARSHALL's clever story is concerned with a theft committed by a lady at a country-house party. A hint of her guilt is dropped rather early in the tale, but this matters less because the theft and its exposure, though no doubt they provided the author with his original motive for making the book, interest us chiefly for their effect on the character of someone who had no sort of hand in the crime. Pompous, dictatorial, thoroughly satisfied with himself and the Providence that has made him what he is, the Head of the House of Clinton is suddenly asked to face this blow that falls upon his family's honour, and in the test discovers an unsuspected

nobility. All the delicate phases of the struggle between conscience and the instinct of self-preservation are analysed by the author with the very nicest judgment. Mr. MARSHALL's familiarity with the externals of this type has long been recognised, but here he is not content with just a true picture of life in a setting well-observed; he has attempted a difficult problem in psychology, and brought a very sure hand to his task. He has many admirers, and this new book promises to add much to the stature, and even more to the quality, of his reputation.

Let those who are fatigued by the novel of problem and of purpose turn to *How Many Miles to Babylon?* (CONSTABLE) and seek refreshment. One is naturally chary of superlatives when writing of a new novelist, but I can honestly say that no "first book" has for many years impressed me more than Miss IRWIN's. *Mab*, the heroine, is taken through her childhood and school-days (which are most vividly described) until she returns to her relations, who did not understand her, and with whom she had little or no sympathy; and during this part of the story she is drawn with an insight that is almost uncanny in its perfection. Apart from the fact that Miss IRWIN evidently imagines that the Rugby and Marlborough cricket match is occasionally played at Marlborough, I can find nothing that is not precisely and exactly right. Later on, after *Mab's* marriage, I think that the author's grasp over the story is a little less sure. Her account of *Mab's* flight from her husband is too meticulous in its detail. It is impossible to cavil at the flight itself, but one may well regret the attempt to make so much of what is rather attenuated material. For the rest, however, I am not only a captive to the curiously delightful atmosphere of the book, but also an enthusiastic admirer of the skill with which a most difficult character has been handled.

I had always supposed that any fool could make money in the late rubber boom. But apparently I was wrong. This certainly was not the experience of *Sir Derrek Ryderdale*. But then he was the hero of *The Lost Destiny* (STANLEY PAUL), and in many respects an exceptional man. Things happened to him as they do not happen to ordinary persons. For example, he had a visitation in a railway carriage from an invisible voice (something like the gnat and *Alice*) which warned him concerning his future. A little later on a bold bad financier—possibly in active league with the Evil One, but of this I am not certain—gave him two hundred pounds to gamble with in return for half his winnings during four years. So *Ryderdale* took the money, and abandoned his alternative career as an Empire-builder for that of a plunger. It was here that I detected the root idea that alone saves Mr. C. VILLIERS STUART's story from utter sensationalism and futility. The conception of a man

on the downward path, haunted by what he might have been, is in itself excellent. Unfortunately the author has by no means done it justice in treatment. His characters are like nothing on earth. I thought the Jew financier was unreal enough, when, just for melodrama, he made an appointment with the now ruined *Ryderdale* at midnight, and dared his victim to murder him. Which the latter promptly did, with sufficient ingenuity, by means of a poisoned syphon. And then the Home Secretary—but no, you must really find out for yourself how he came in an easy winner in the race for incredibility. I have said just enough not to spoil the story for those who like this sort of thing, and to avert the danger of deadly boredom from those who don't.

I have a shrewd suspicion that of the twenty-and-three stories that go to make up the volume *Through the Window* (MILLS AND BOON) the twenty were got together mainly in order to provide the remaining three with an excuse for

existence. I only hope that they were hunted up from the limbo of a bottom drawer and that time and effort were not spent upon writing them for the purpose. I am far from saying that they are bad; many of them were worth the telling, and one, "The Five Pound Note," so much so that it has already, I am afraid, been many times told. But if they are capable they are no more, and certainly they are not up to Miss MARY E. MANN's form, as anybody could see for himself who had no previous experience of what Miss MANN's form might be. Each story has its point, but



Mother. "COME ALONG, GREGORY, AN' DON'T BEGIN IMITATING THEM GOLFERS; YER MIGHT BE LIKE IT SOME DAY."

in none is the point fairly developed; the reader is informed that such and such a thing happened but is not given to understand why. There are, besides, two pervading faults. In the first place the politics are bigoted. Many will agree that Miss MANN's opponents are a misguided party, but even they are not to be dismissed in such an offhand manner. In the second place the few serious attempts at characterization achieve little more than an unhappy class distinction, feminine merits being confined to the upper ten and masculine virtues to members of the Senior Service. The three that remain are "The Setting Sun," an elegy; "Beetles," a gruesome but delightful incident, and "Medlars," an incomparable jest. There is that about the two last named that leads me to suspect that the author, if she would subject herself to a process of ruthless self-criticism and elimination, could produce a book of short stories not unworthy of that great model, MAUPASSANT.

"It was decided that the members should endeavour to raise a fund for a marble font by asking parents who had had their children baptised in the Cathedral to donate at least one shilling per child towards the same. At the April meeting, Mrs. Z— headed the list with £5."—*Grafton Diocesan News*. We are glad to see that the large family is getting popular again.